Flaming Swords may Guard the Garden of Eden

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/40467279.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Original Graham-Lecter Child(ren)
Additional Tags:	a/b/o dynamics, Omega Will, Alpha Hannibal, Mpreg, Pregnant Will, wife!will, Hannibal is whipped, Will Graham Has a Vagina, Vaginal Sex, spoiled will
Language:	English
Series:	Part 7 of the nsfw stuff, Part 3 of trade fics
Stats:	Published: 2022-07-21 Words: 1,702 Chapters: 1/1

Flaming Swords may Guard the Garden of Eden

by dylan69

Summary

After Hannibal stays out late murdering, he comes home to a very angry, very pregnant omega, who quickly reminds him of the very important date he forgot.

Hannibal silently opened the door, immediately seeing his beloved mate, cradling Hannibal the Ninth to his chest, as they slept. They looked warm and soft, curled in the perfect position for Hannibal to wrap his arms around them both and cuddle the day away. He *wanted* it, and knew he'd be unable to have it.

The alpha grabbed one of his suits from the closet and stormed off, deciding that he needed to make everything up to Will, and he needed to do it soon.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will sat in the chair, arms folded over his large belly, watching the clock tick. It was nearly three AM and Hannibal wasn't home yet.

The door creaked as Will's plastic suited husband entered the house. He was hauling the large body of a portly banker, a man who Will vaguely remembered calling him a whore.

Will's foot tapped, altering his husband to his presence.

"Darling, what are you doing up so late?" Hannibal asked, barely glancing over to his omega while he hauled the body.

"Hannibal, do you know what today is?"

Hannibal let the body rest on the ground, blood seeping further into Will's lovely, freshly cleaned floors. "I cannot say that I do, my love."

"That's because it's nothing." Will's foot tapped on, the *tap-tap-tap* becoming the only thing filling the tensing air, "Do you know what yesterday was?"

Hannibal's brow wrinkled, then his face paled. Will knew exactly what his husband was thinking.

"Yeah, our anniversary of eight years. Not that it matters, if it's unimportant enough for you to just forget about." Will hissed.

"Dear Will, my sweet lamb-"

"Don't 'Dear Will' me. I don't want to hear it. Now that I know you're home, not out getting yourself *thrown in jail*, I'm going to bed." Will stood up, holding his heavily pregnant stomach with one hand.

Hannibal took a step towards Will, causing the omega to freeze, "I'm going to bed *alone*, Hannibal. Not only did you forget our anniversary, you splattered blood and guts all across my clean floor. You are going to sleep on the couch and appreciate the mess you made."

The alpha leaned forward, as if to push on, demanding his space in bed. Will growled, and Hannibal pulled back, realizing he had no desire to fight with his pregnant omega.

Hannibal deeply regretted allowing Will to rearrange the furniture. At the time, he'd delighted in indulging Will's previously ignored omega instincts. He'd bought the most expensive, plushest, softest furniture possible for Will to arrange as he liked.

Now, as Hannibal sunk into satin cushions, he imagined that Will had chosen this specific couch to punish his Alpha.

Hannibal awoke to an aching crick in his back and a chill in his bones. It was the worst he'd slept in years. In eight years, to be exact.

The alpha stood up, rolling his neck as it cracked unpleasantly. He headed to the bedroom, noting the distinct lack of coffee smell. Normally, by the time he woke up, Will had already started a mug of coffee for them and prepared the ingredients for Hannibal to make breakfast.

Hannibal silently opened the door, immediately seeing his beloved mate, cradling Hannibal the Ninth to his chest, as they slept. They looked warm and soft, curled in the perfect position for Hannibal to wrap his arms around them both and cuddle the day away. He *wanted* it, and knew he'd be unable to have it.

Hannibal the Ninth had his little mouth wrapped around Will's uncovered nipple. Hannibal, the adult Hannibal, Hannibal the Eighth, *wanted to be sucking on Will's nipple.*

The alpha grabbed one of his suits from the closet and stormed off, deciding that he needed to make everything up to Will, and he needed to do it soon.

After a full day of plotting, planning, scheming, and murdering, Hannibal came back home to the blood splattered floor. He retrieved a bucket of soapy water and got onto his hands and knees, scrubbing the stain.

Will came out as Hannibal had removed half of the blood. He sat in the same cushy sofa Hannibal had slept in, and began to breastfeed Hannibal the Ninth. The omega still called their child Hannibal Jr, something Hannibal planned to rectify when their next kit was born by naming them Hannibal the Tenth. Will couldn't call *both* of them Hannibal Jr.

Once the last of the stain had been removed, Hannibal stood, stretching his back. He then turned to his omega, "Please, Will, allow me to make my errors up to you."

Will glared, cradling their son to his chest. The babe finished feeding and released Will's nipple.

Hannibal gestured to the floor he'd scrubbed clean, then lifted Hannibal the Ninth from Will's arms, "Please, allow me to set him to bed and treat you like you deserve."

Will huffed, but allowed Hannibal to take their son. Hannibal pressed a kiss to Will's forehead, between his eyebrows.

The alpha pressed a hand between Will's shoulder blades and steered him into the bathroom, where a streaming tub awaited the omega. The bath was filled with warm water, bubbles, and rose petals. A glass of ruby red wine sat at the side.

Will raised an eyebrow while Hannibal grinned, "Now, my dear," Hannibal said, "Relax in the bath while I put Hannibal the Ninth to bed."

Will's mouth twisted as he tried to repress a smile, "I'm still mad."

“I know you are, my love, just enjoy your bath.”

After forty five minutes of soaking and sipping the wine, Hannibal re-entered the bathroom, carrying a beautiful charcuterie platter. The alpha pulled up a stool and rested the board on his lap.

Hannibal lifted a little cube of cheese and offered it to Will. Will reached up to take it, only for his husband to pull his hand away, “Allow me to feed you?”

Will rolled his eyes and opened his pretty, pink mouth. Hannibal placed the cheese onto his omega’s tongue.

Hannibal fed the rest of it to his beloved husband; Will nipping at his fingers with his small omega fangs.

Once Will finished his meal, Hannibal reached into the water and pulled out one of Will’s legs, “Allow me to massage your feet?”

Will hummed, pretending to consider it, “Only if you rub my shoulder as well.”

“My pleasure.” The alpha said as he cradled his omega’s delicate ankle in his hands. He moved his thumbs in small circles, pressing into sore muscles. Will’s feet had swollen from carrying their children, leaving him sore and achy. Hannibal kicked himself for not taking better care of his sweet omega. Will was reaching the seventh month of his pregnancy, and he deserved to be doted on every second of the day.

Hannibal moved up Will’s entire body, rubbing and pressing until Will’s muscles melted under the alpha’s hands.

“I should get mad with you more often.” Will said, head lolling against the lip of the tub.

“I should make an effort to make you feel this cared for at all times. Shame on me.”

Will snorted and bumped his head into Hannibal’s wrist. Hannibal reached between Will’s legs, caressing his cunt, then unplugged the tub.

He dried Will off in a fluffy towel, then guided his little omega into the bedroom. The room was lit only by copious amounts of candle and even more rose petals covered the bed.

“A fire hazard? How romantic.” Will said, playfully knocking Hannibal with his shoulder. Hannibal placed Will onto the bed, then grabbed a remote, bringing Will’s attention to a small, flat-screen TV that had been placed on their dresser.

Will stared at it, confused. Hannibal had one television in his house, a large one in the downstairs living room. The alpha stripped quickly, then crawled onto the bed, pressing kisses across his mate’s collarbones and neck.

Hannibal flipped himself over onto his back, and dragged his husband on top of him. He pressed his teeth into their mating mark, causing Will to shiver and grow wet. Hannibal bent his legs, and leaned Will back, gently fingering him open.

Will shivered, slick dripping down his husband's fingers. "R-right there." he said, grinding down, forcing his mate's digits further into him.

Hannibal pulled his fingers out, causing Will to grumble. He grabbed his omega's hips and lifted Will over his dick. The alpha pulled Will down, sheathing himself full in his mate's cunt. Will groaned, pleasure boiling in his stomach.

Hannibal paused, allowing Will to adjust and to appreciate his mate's beauty. Will was the most breathtaking thing Hannibal had ever seen. Soft, pale skin, dotted by love bites. Pregnancy looked gorgeous on Will. His supple body had blossomed out, rounding his hips, and causing his breasts to swell. He'd gone from board flat to double d breasts in a matter of months, giving Hannibal fresh, delicious skin to bite at. The alpha caressed his omega's full, heavy stomach, weighted down by their unborn child.

The alpha held Will's wide hips, lifted him up, then pulled him down again, forcing a moan out of Will.

He grabbed a remote and turned on the TV. Will froze, turning to it, as a news story filled the room. Images of a murder scene flicked across the television. Eight alphas, five betas, and two omegas, all slaughtered and warped, skinned and mutilated. Muscles had been almost freed from their bones and looped into petal-like structures. They formed a gorey bouquet of roses.

Will gasped as Hannibal slammed into him, bouncing his omega up and down in his lap.

"Beautiful, it's beautiful." Will stuttered as Hannibal railed him.

Will clenched, his nails digging into Hannbial's chest, his breath caught as slick gushed everywhere. The omega ground down, riding out his orgasm and coating Hannibal's groin in squirt.

Hannibal's knot shot up at his omega's reaction, locking them together.

"My love." Hannibal said, reaching up and brushing sweaty curls behind Will's ear.

Will exhaled, satisfied and stuffed full of his husband's cum. "Alright, alright," he pecked his mate on his lips, "You're forgiven. I love you, you over dramatic dork."

Hannibal grinned at his mate, drawing him into his arms. They cuddled, holding each other, until Hannibal froze.

"Dear Will, what is today's date?"

Will mumbled, nestling his face deeper into his husband's chest hair, "It's January the third."

"Will, our anniversary is January fourth."

Will hummed, "Oh, really, I had no idea." He said, his tone making it obvious that he certainly had an idea.

“Why did you-”

“I was *really* upset about the floors.” Will said, “Now, go back to sleep, I’m sure you’ve got big plans for our anniversary tomorrow and I don’t want to be tired.”

End Notes

song title from san bernardino by the mountain goats!

this is a trad fic for theo! i love writing preggo will, so i had a great time w this one

thank yall for all the comments and kudos, they make my day!

also. the wine is non alcholic. or wine doesnt affect a/b/o biology. just. its okay. the babies will be okay. i forgot when writing this but. trust me its fine.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!